

Introspection

by memories.of.rain

Category: Hannibal

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Alana B., Hannibal L., J. Crawford, Will G.

Pairings: Hannibal L./Will G.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-14 03:19:32

Updated: 2016-04-14 03:19:32

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:21:58

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,187

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hannibal has always been enamored by Will Graham, and he wonders when he decided that Will was all he ever wanted. From their first meeting onward, Hannibal observes his relationship with Will like a fly on the wall. It's beautiful and heartbreaking... and all he's ever wanted.

Introspection

****This was requested by Hella-chan last July and I was too sick to write it then, but then I forgot and I'm super sorry, but I hope you like it!****

* * *

><p>Hannibal was a solitary creature by nature. Of course he put on a grand display of entertaining and basking in the praises given to him by his acquaintances, but that did not change his nature. People showed their true colors when they got too close, and Hannibal was always aware that a person could easily become rude when around another for too long. And rudeness would never be tolerated, not by him at least. But there is always an exception.<p>

The moment he laid eyes on Will Graham, he knew he was different. The wolf in sheep's clothing, hiding his true colors beneath years of anxiety brought on by his gift. It was a pity, to see someone so like him dragged down by something so marvelous. But the gift wasn't the problem, no, the problem lied in the hesitation. Will Graham was afraid of what he'd become and it would be Hannibal's duty to change that fear into confidence.

He watched with rapt attention as Will interacted with those around him. Alana, who doted on him like one would an abused dog, never noticed the hesitant glances Will gave her. The effort he put into holding himself back from staking a claim on Will was great. He

instead settled for subtle touches at key points on Will's person. His shoulder, slowly trailing a hand up to Will's neck where the pulsing of his jugular was heavy against his fingertips, was one of his favorite spots. Not only was it comforting to feel Will's heart beat against his hand, but it satisfied a primal desire in him that called for Will's submission.

He did not want Will to be submissive in a basic sense, but more so that he trusted Hannibal. Trusted him enough to get close to such a vital area of his body. It was empowering to say the least. It was also amusing to no end that Will didn't seem to notice most of the time.

The way that Jack would implore and threaten Will to do what he wanted was distasteful to say the least. And dear old Jack knew all the cards to play to get Will to bow down to his wishes. Will never spoke up about it, never bemoaned his fate of being Jack's sniffer dog, just quiet acceptance. Hannibal tried to convince Will that he could do what made him comfortable, but Will always gave him the same dry smile.

"What else can I do, Dr. Lecter?" Will would ask, "I'm saving lives."

In a sense, Will was right, but Hannibal couldn't find it in himself to let it go completely, so Hannibal began to act as Will's voice. He learned that when Will disagreed with someone, especially Jack, he rolled his neck to the right once before once more letting his eyes rest on Jack's tie. He learned that when Will thought he couldn't help his shoulders hunched up more than usual. He could almost call himself an expert in Will's body language, except for one subject: himself.

Will had a knack for throwing false lines to Hannibal to snag onto and just when Hannibal thought he'd figured out how Will saw him, it'd fall apart. Infinitely more aggravating, but more entertaining in the end. It was like a puzzle that Hannibal was desperate to solve, and Will was changing the pieces each time he almost solved it.

Hannibal thought Will Graham was an enigma, a chipped teacup, more beloved because of it. A mongoose that caught the snakes that slithered by. An equal, a friend, a partner. Will was everything Hannibal had ever wanted in a partner. He wanted Will all to himself, and would stop at nothing until that was a reality.

~.~

As time went on, Hannibal wondered if he would ever have Will all to himself. It was unfortunate, but necessary for Hannibal to frame Will. He needed Will to understand just how quickly that his supposed friends would turn on him, but not Hannibal. He would never abandon Will. And with strategic planning and Will accepting his hand in friendship once more, their relationship seemed to blossom. Will was evolving into his true self, and Hannibal was mesmerized.

When he walked into his dining room and saw the body of Randall Tier he was enamored. Will stood at the end of the table, his gaze confident. His hair was slightly disheveled and his knuckles were bloody, the drops of blood that ran down his hands to fall to the

floor were loud in the silent room. Will was a _vision_.

Hannibal said nothing as he treated Will's knuckles, gently cleaning the wounds before wrapping the hand in gauze. Will's hand fit perfectly in his.

The soft clearing of Will's throat pulled his focus away from the calluses of Will's hand. "I felt powerful," Will said softly. Hannibal made a small inquiring noise, though he knew what Will was talking about. "When I killed Randall, I felt powerful."

"Then you owe him a debt," Hannibal said, bringing Will's hand up to his lips to place a small kiss to Will's knuckles. Will didn't try to pull away and his shoulders seemed to lose the tension they were holding. Hannibal counted that as a win.

~.~

He never expected the blow, especially not from Will. Perhaps that was his mistake in the grand scheme of things. He'd fallen blissfully into Will's ploy and only found him out when he smelt the bitter undertones of Ms. Lound's perfume. He had hoped Will had meant it, hoped that Will had really accept his becoming. But he was wrong.

He tried to give Will the benefit of the doubt that perhaps he just wasn't ready to kill on his own without a real motive. Perhaps Will was still dealing with the rest of Ms. Lound's body, but he knew rigor mortis had set in long before Hannibal had smelt the perfume. As heavy as his heart was at this first betrayal, he could still lighten his thoughts with the knowledge that he liked the cologne with the ship on the bottle more than this.

So he tried giving Will an out. Maybe Jack was still trying to use Will.

"We could leave tonight," Hannibal said, staring at Will from across the table. His table has never felt so wide before. "If you wanted to." He only adds it to be polite, and he desperately wants Will to just go with him. "Feed your dogs, leave a note for Alana, and never see her or Jack again. Almost polite." Hannibal watches as Will seems to debate the offer and he can't lie that he isn't hoping Will will agree.

"That would be nice," Will's voice is soft now, nothing like the gravel-like tones it was when they first met. Hannibal wants to tell Will that he knows and all he wants is for Will to go away with him, to leave it all behind and start anew. Will does not seem to share his dream as no more is said that night.

Will is all he has ever wanted, and he can't keep him.

~.~

He still remembers the linoleum knife sinking into Will's abdomen like it was his own flesh he was tearing into. Will's voice, so quiet at that point that Hannibal thought it'd be drowned out by the rain pounding outside, questioning Hannibal about him actually wanting what Hannibal had offered. Perhaps Will did want it, perhaps after all the hurt they had caused each other, Will had just needed Hannibal to understand what Will had needed. Will had wanted Jack to

see Hannibal for what he was, but then what? Would they have joined together to take down Jack and then fled like they were supposed to. Had Will wanted that to be his christening?

Will is all he has ever wanted, and he wasn't sure what to do now.

~.~

The catacombs were dark and the stale scent of death lingered heavily in the air. Hannibal thought it was peaceful, tucked underneath one of the major plains of his memory palace. The catacombs fit someone like him, who reveled in death and could not escape it. And when he heard Will, not his voice at first but the sound of his footsteps, the three quick steps followed by a slower step that had him favoring his left side, he felt his breath pause for a moment.

Will was alive and had followed him here. Followed him to Europe even though Hannibal had shattered the life they could have shared together, not that he could take all the blame for the situation. He was sure Will had seen his latest piece, his broken heart and wondered what he'd thought of it.

"Hannibal," Will's voice had regained some of the gravel-like sounds, but had maintained much of its acquired softness. "I forgive you."

He could not describe the feeling that blossomed in his chest. It was not hope, not entirely at least. It was an acute fondness closer to love that spread throughout his body. If not for the lingering bitterness over what could have been he would have immediately associated it with love. But that would change, he could not fight it. It was in the way that two magnets always found each other, that beasts long for companionship, for understanding.

After all, Will is all he has ever wanted, and he had another chance.

~.~

Again, Hannibal heard Will's footsteps before he saw him. He knows he looks worse for wear, what with Jack not holding back any punches this time. The cut on his cheek pulled tight as he fought the small smile from finding its way onto his face. They don't say anything at first, and he hears Will groan quietly next to him as he sits down. He inspects Will's face, taking in the cuts and dried blood Will hasn't bothered to clean off and he wonders if Will knows he looks beautiful in red.

"If I saw you every day, forever, Will, I would remember this time," Hannibal said reverently. They weren't pretty words to try and persuade Will that he was a better man. The truth was that Hannibal would never be a better man than he was when he was with Will. He watched with rapt attention as Will's face stretched into a smile. It was not unlike feeling the sun peak around the clouds for the first time after a long winter. It was warm and inviting and Hannibal knew he would never be able to escape this man in front of him. Would never want to either.

"Strange seeing you here in front of me," Will mutters, and Hannibal

catches the underlying message. That Will was just as haunted by Hannibal as he was haunted by Will. "Been staring at afterimages of you in places you haven't been in years."

Hannibal briefly wonders where Will has traveled in search of him and cracks a small joke about a pig. Will gives him an indulgent grin and he counts himself lucky.

"I looked up at the night sky there," Will continues, turning his attention to the painting in front of them. Hannibal has half a mind to turn Will's face to look him in the eyes again, but he lets Will continue. "Orion above the horizon and, near it, Jupiter. I wondered if you could see it, too. I wondered if our stars were the same."

He's missed this more than he can admit, and only in the deepest recesses of his memory palace does Hannibal hear the desperate pleas for companionship, the begging that he and Will share these stars. "I believe some of our stars will always be the same," Hannibal said. "You entered the foyer of my mind and stumbled down the hall of my beginnings."

Will spares him another glance and Hannibal feels his heart skip a beat. "I wanted to understand you before I laid eyes on you again. I needed it to be clear what I was seeing."

It's a beginning, an unfolding of Hannibal's many faces that Will has steadfastly been tearing down since the day they met. "Where does the difference between the past and the future come from?" He's curious to hear what Will's answer will be.

"Mine?" Will looks at him and Hannibal feels his hand twitch in an attempt to take its place against Will's cheek. "Before you and after you." Hannibal releases a breath he'd been holding, and lets that warmth that only Will brings fill up his chest. "Yours? It's all starting to blur. Mischa. Abigail. Chiyoh."

It suddenly feels like too much to take in, too much for Hannibal to absorb at one time. He directs the conversation towards Chiyoh and listens as Will regales his tumble off the train curtesy of the girl. The distraction does not last long as Will returns his gaze to Hannibal, taking in the visage he presents. Hannibal suddenly feels inadequate in front of this beautiful man and wonders what Will is searching for in the crevices of his face.

"You and I have begun to blur," Will said finally.

"Isn't that how you found me?" Hannibal asked, tilting his head.

Will dissolves into the topic of his supposed absent free will and Hannibal knows enough about Will to not mention that Will is making his own choices now. He listens to Will confess to feeling guilty for his crimes and Hannibal genuinely asks what Will would do. Does Will wish to separate himself from Will entirely? Is that the best course of action for both of them? But Will denies that, claiming that he doubts they could survive separation. Hannibal is sure he could not.

The two are quiet for a moment, Will waiting for Hannibal to respond

to continue their verbal tennis match, but Hannibal does not wish for this moment to end. Instead he absent-mindedly returns to the drawing he's completing. A recreation of the Primavera, he neglects shading and adding more detail to the garlanded nymph and instead focuses on the pale Zephyrus. The figure is already detailed, more so than the other, but Hannibal's inspiration is beside him and he cannot resist adding the new details he has seen in Will. He adds darker shadows below his eyes, and thickens the stubble along his jaw. The curls are neater than when they first met, but longer than they were after his stint in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. His eyes have a renewed spark, but there is a sadness still clinging to them as well.

"Is that me?" Will asks, breaking Hannibal's concentration. It would be mildly embarrassing if it were anyone other than Will. But it is Will. Hannibal doesn't say anything but nods his head slowly, placing his pencil down. "May I see them?"

The soft way Will asks gives Hannibal the confidence to hand his sketchbook to Will. He wants to look away from Will's inspection of his drawings, but he can't. He can't stop taking in Will's expressions as he stares at each depiction of himself within the depths of Hannibal's sketchbook. He could never just draw Will once, he'd become his muse which made running much more difficult to accomplish. He refocuses his attention when he hears the whistle of air released by Will when he flips another page.

It's something he drew when he believed Will was entering his becoming, that they were reaching an understanding. An alteration of Michelangelo's Creation of Adam. Will, taking the place of Adam reaches a hand out to him. He wonders if Will remembers his statement about killing feeling good to God now. He'd added all the needed details he had wanted, the figures behind his own form morphed into his own killings. He'd completed everything, except for the hands and now it seems ironic that the hands are the only thing that aren't done. They were not destined to meet then, they never were.

"How," Will paused and Hannibal watched as Will battled with himself. "How long have you drawn me?"

Hannibal hummed softly and looked into Will's eyes. "No one can pick their muse, dear Will," Hannibal said, reaching a tentative hand out towards Will's. Surprisingly, Will does not move his hand and allowed Hannibal's to wrap around his. The calluses are the same as they were the day he cleaned Will's wounds, and the warmth.

The return to their blissful silence, basking in each other's presence. The only noise that passes between them are the quiet sound of pages turning and fingertips running delicately across pages. After a few more moments, Will closed Hannibal's sketchbook and placed it between them. They don't need any words at this point, just the silent presence of each other.

"What now?" Will asked.

Hannibal rubbed circles against Will's skin, enjoying the rough texture against his thumb. He knows that Jack is still looking for him, that Will is supposedly helping Jack find him, but he knows the truth. Will isn't helping Jack at this point, if anything Will would try and get revenge for the knife. He shyly brings Will's hand to his

lips and brushes them against Will's warm skin.

"What do you want, Will?" Hannibal asked, and it's one of the first times he truly means it. He would go along with what Will wanted.

"I can't get away from you, and I already mentioned that we would not survive separation," Will said, tilting his head at Hannibal. "Where are you going to take me? Are we to run away, cast aside the skins of our former lives and live anew?"

The idea runs across Hannibal's mind and he gives Will a soft smile. He grabs his sketchbook from between them and gestures towards the archway back into the main part of the museum. No words are needed, but he said them anyway. "Shall we, dear Will?"

Will smiles shyly at him as if not expecting this encounter to have gone how it has, but does not object to the suggestion. And as they walk out, Hannibal can't stop the change of acute fondness to love for this man, does not want to.

Will is all he has ever wanted, and he finally has him.

* * *

><p>I hope you enjoyed reading this! Please leave a review if you have time. :)

End
file.